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A THEATRICAL AUTOPSY.

After a fitful existence of four months, the New Theatre of Chicago has closed its doors, and the playhouse which has been the scene of its praiseworthy enterprise has fallen into the hands of the Philistines, to become the resort of those for whom dramatic art means no more than vapid or vulgar entertainment. The experiment thus brought to an untimely end has cost its promoters upwards of fifty thousand dollars, besides other sacrifices that cannot be measured in monetary terms. It was an illustration of honorable endeavor in a deserving cause; and if that cause seem lost for the time being, the outcome must be attributed to mistaken means and methods rather than to any inherent defect in the actuating motive. The enterprise was prompted by a fine sense of public spirit, and an unselfish desire to contribute toward the redemption of our stage from its present low estate; those who were responsible for it, and who have seen their hopes rudely shattered, have at least the poet's consoling thought,

"Not failure, but low aim, is crime,"

to cheer them in the retrospect.

Readers of *THE DIAL* know how persistently it has always stood for the higher ideal of the drama, both as literature, and, in its stage-production, as an ethical agency. The aims of the New Theatre were so clearly in the right direction, and its purpose so consonant with what we have urged for so many years, that we should not be misunderstood if, in analyzing the present case, we may seem to speak with something like severity of the way in which the enterprise has been conducted. All the way from start to finish, there were such evidences of mismanagement, such an obvious lack of intelligent direction, that failure was almost a foregone conclusion with the impartial outside observer. It is best not to mince matters in dealing with this subject, because the experiment which has now failed is going to be tried over again — perhaps many times, — and is eventually going to prove successful. And the best way to hasten its success must be to under-

stand the causes of the previous failure, in order to avoid their repetition.

To begin with, there was an element of undue haste in the starting of the New Theatre. Eagerness to be first in the field (of which more anon) was responsible for a lack of the necessary deliberation, and for putting into effect a plan that had not been carefully matured. This haste was manifested in the choice of both business manager and dramatic director. In both cases the selection made was unfortunate, although for different reasons. The business manager was too practical, and the dramatic director was not practical enough. The associations of the former were entirely with theatrical affairs of the type to which the New Theatre sought to stand in the sharpest possible contrast, which made his sympathetic furtherance of its aims well-nigh impossible. The latter was a gentleman of remarkable knowledge and technical equipment, who nevertheless failed in comprehension of the immediate problem provided for his solution. He offered the best of reasons for the things he did, but they often proved to be the wrong things in spite of their intellectual defence. And the men who stood back of these two executive figures constituted an ill-assorted body. Their intentions were of the best, but their ideas were illustrative either of an innocent helplessness or of an excess of the academic spirit, which meant confusion of counsel and the inability to define their means as definitely as their ultimate purpose was defined. There was thus inherent in its organization such a lack of harmonious coördination among its parts that the enterprise was foredoomed, if not to absolute failure, at least to a difficult course and the making of a blurred impression upon the public.

Now the public has to be taken into account very seriously in such an experiment as this; but the new venture was so untactfully heralded as to alienate the public at the outset, and to make it feel, all the time the experiment was in progress, that its coöperation was not particularly desired. The idea got abroad that the new playhouse was the resort of a coterie, that it was a "society" affair, that visitors would feel uncomfortable unless they wore evening clothes and diamonds. Its sponsors were largely of a class better known for the possession of worldly goods than for other qualities, and their names were advertised much more extensively than the names of the performers. They seemed to think that the sanction of their presence

was all that was needed for success, that the stamp of their approval would magnetize the undertaking. They made the fatal mistake of establishing a scale of prices that only an extraordinary attraction could justify, and the support of the public — even of that section of the public which had been in a receptive mood — was forever lost. The opening night filled the theatre with a brilliant audience; the night following found it comparatively empty. It was an "endowed" theatre, so the playbills said. "Very well," replied the public, "those who have endowed it may keep it for their own plaything; it does not interest us, and has no need of our encouragement." As for the claim of "endowment," it was of course unjustified; all it really meant was that a sufficient sum of money had been pledged to provide for a part of a single season.

When the doors of the New Theatre were at last opened for the initial production, there were revealed a prettily-decorated hall, a stage of toy dimensions, and a company of actors most of whom had good records as individuals, but whose collective performance was hopelessly mediocre and even amateurish. As for the opening bill, its character was such as to leave fairly aghast all serious sympathizers with the undertaking. Instead of selecting some strong and vital play of the sort for which the institution was supposed to exist, the director had patched up a programme by taking Gilbert's "Engaged," mutilating it almost beyond recognition, and associating with it two small pieces, one an insignificant trifle from the French, the other a character-sketch by a popular humorist of the day. The defence urged for this extraordinary hodge-podge was that it enabled every member of the company to have a part in the opening performance. We spoke a little while ago of the director's gift of finding excellent reasons for doing the wrong things; this is a typical illustration of what we meant. Never did a mountain's labor bring forth a more ridiculous mouse. From that moment the fate of the enterprise was sealed.

During the four months of life for which it was destined, the playhouse conducted a series of opportunist experiments which discovered no trace of unity of purpose. A play a fortnight was the rule, which was followed until near the end. After the unfortunate first fortnight, a really great play — Señor Echegaray's "El Gran Galeoto" — was produced. Now this is exactly the kind of play for which the New

Theatre was supposed to be created; had it been boldly given at the start, or any other work of similar rank, the fortunes of the enterprise might have been vastly different. At the worst, its eventual failure would have been dignified, had such a beginning been made and such an ideal been consistently pursued. A few good plays were given during the following months—such plays as Herr Fulda's "Maskerade," Augier's "Poirier," and Herne's "Margaret Fleming"—just such plays as should have been given. The other productions ranged from the passable through the barely admissible to the wholly inexcusable—the lowest depth having been reached with a cheap melodrama (an adaptation of "The Spoilers"); which was not "playing the game," although the house was packed for the first and only fortnight during its career.

Further analysis of the case is unnecessary. The mistakes already catalogued are enough to account for the failure many times over. It provides one more example of disinterested devotion made futile by hasty effort and faulty judgment. The experience has been profitable for correction, and the next enterprise of the kind will know many definite things to avoid, although likely enough to make new mistakes of its own. That next enterprise is already much more than a dream. It is an effort that has been deliberately nurtured for several years, that has evolved a comprehensive plan covering both the administrative and the artistic aspects of the undertaking, and that is now announced, with considerable show of definiteness, for inauguration next autumn. It has for its responsible backing the Chicago Woman's Club, a very large and influential organization with many good works to its credit, that usually accomplishes what it undertakes. The plan would probably have been put into practical effect last year, had not the New Theatre cut the wind out of its sails, for its course was charted long before that misadventure was conceived. Its friends would not have begrudged the success of the rival enterprise, had that been possible; but since it has proved impossible, they expect to benefit by the lesson the failure has taught them. We are optimistic enough to hope that a year from the present date we may be able to report the proposed Players' Theatre as an organization in active existence, perhaps not over-prosperous, but at least assured of continuance through the season and through other seasons to follow.

GIOSUÈ CARDUCCI.

One by one the stars go out in the poetical firmament; with each extinction the night grows more cheerless, and the pilgrim's track, no longer controlled by its guiding skymark, is made less certain of its goal. This modern world of ours is not so rich in poets that it can mark the passing of one of them without a pang, and when the voice that is stilled is one of such authentic utterance as the voice which spoke from the lips of Carducci, the news brings with it a sense of grievous and irretrievable loss. He was one of the great poets of modern times; with the single exception of Mr. Swinburne, he was the greatest poet living in the world when the nineteenth century gave place to its successor. And now he is dead, after reaching the scriptural limit of man's years, and the whole world joins in paying reverent tribute to his memory.

The association of Carducci's name with that of his great English contemporary (less than a year his junior) is more than fortuitous. The two poets are linked by their common devotion to the cause of free Italy, for the years of their early manhood were those in which that ideal became realized, the years of what Frederic Myers calls "the last great struggle where all chivalrous sympathies could range themselves undoubtingly on one side." And they are also linked by certain fundamental principles common to both, by their hatred of all forms of tyranny, their efforts to bring poetry back to its classical modes of expression, their intimate feeling for nature, the high seriousness of their thought, and the sustained elevation of their poetical flight.

Giosuè Carducci was born in 1836, a Tuscan of ancient and distinguished lineage. His father was a physician by profession and a Manzonian by intellectual affinity, which meant that the romantic spirit sought to claim the youth for its own. But the influence of that spirit, at least in its mediævalizing and catholicizing aspects, was already far spent in Italy, and the boy's idealism slowly groped its way from Giusti and Manzoni back to Leopardi, then to Dante, and then to the Romans, where it took refuge, not, however, in any pedantic or servile sense, but in the sense that the freedom and sanity of the classical spirit were instinctively felt by the youthful poet, when he came into close contact with them, to be his soul's own birthright. Meanwhile, his country was preparing for its resurrection. The heaven of Mazzini's gospel was spiritualizing the life of young Italy, and the first shock of the upheaval had come with the great year of revolution, the memorable year of 1848, which brought only immediate disaster, yet nevertheless thrilled the whole world with hope. It left the boy of twelve an ardent republican, urging upon the petty political leader of his village the duty of raising the war-cry, "*Abasso tutti i re: viva la repubblica!*" And a republican in spirit he remained all his life, serving his country as such in both houses of the legislature, although unwilling

to assume the *intransigent* attitude of Mazzini, and accepting the constitutional monarchy of the Re Galantuomo as a working compromise in the country's political progress to its predestined ultimate good.

His academic career (for he was a professor more continuously and steadfastly than he was a poet) began at the early age of twenty-three, when he was appointed to the University of Pisa. In 1861 he entered upon his duties at the University of Bologna, which remained the scene of his academic activities for upwards of forty years — practically the rest of his life. There he lectured year after year, impressing upon the fortunate youth of new Italy the stamp of his rugged and austere personality, inculcating upon their minds his own hatred of shams and love of truth, his feeling for all that was worthy in the traditions of the race, his devotion to the noblest ideals of art and thought and conduct. And there, as he grew gray in the service of his nation, he drew upon himself, by the might of genius, the eyes of Italy and the world, until the Italian people came to realize that his modest dwelling in the ancient towered city of Bologna housed their greatest man, and united in paying tribute to his fame.

That fame was, of course, for the world at large, primarily the fame of the poet; yet those who knew the poet also as teacher and as friend must have felt that theirs was a doubly rich possession, for there is much testimony to indicate that the mortals thus favored were hardly able to tell whether it was for Carducci the poet or Carducci the man that they felt the greater reverence. And it is well for the millions of his lovers who never saw him in the flesh to be assured that, had they known him in person, or been acquainted with the more intimate aspects of his life, their ideal would have suffered no impairment. He was, like our own Milton and Tennyson, one of the poets who order their lives with

"Close heed
Lest, having spent for the work's sake
Six days, the man be left to make."

He once wrote that "the poet should express himself and his moral and artistic convictions with all the sincerity, the clearness, the resolution in his power; the rest is no concern of his." If we read this passage with a heavy emphasis on the word "himself," it will be an exact statement of the sum of Carducci's poetical activity.

There was certainly no lack of sincerity, clearness, or resolution in the famous "Hymn to Satan," the poem which first made him a national figure. It was written at a single sitting in 1863, and appearing in print two years later was hurled like a bombshell into the camp of reaction and obscurantism.

"Salute, o Satana,
O ribellione,
O forza vindice
De la ragione!"

"Sacri a te salgono
Gl'incensi e i voti,
Hai vinto il Geova
De i sacerdoti."

The note of uncompromising defiance sounded in these closing stanzas found an echo in all ardent and generous souls, and the advance guard of liberal thought throughout Italy turned instinctively toward its new leader and rallied about his standard. The poet was vilified, of course, misrepresented, and misunderstood. He became the storm centre of a fierce conflict which is even yet something more than a memory. Time has softened the earlier asperities of that struggle, and now even those who are the poet's intellectual opponents are willing to recognize the sufficiently obvious fact that the hymn is by no means a glorification of evil, but merely the expression of a firm determination to march with "the avenging force of reason" upon the intrenchments of superstition.

The volume of Carducci's poetry is very considerable. It includes the "Rime" of 1857, the "Levia Gravia" of 1867, the "Decennalia," "Nuove Poesie," and "Giambi ed Epodi" of the next decade, and the three volumes of "Odi Barbare" published from 1877 to 1889. These titles represent the landmarks in his poetical career; but the bibliography of the subject is very complicated, owing to many republications and rearrangements. The "Odi Barbare," which occasioned as much controversy (although in different circles) as the political and philosophical poems, represented a highly interesting attempt to write modern Italian verse in classical metres — alcaics, sapphics, and elegiacs. This subject would need a volume for its discussion; but we may reproduce Carducci's statement that he called the poems "barbarous," for the reason that "they would so sound to the ears and judgment of the Greeks and Romans, although I have wished to compose them in the metrical forms belonging to the lyrical poetry of those nations; and because they will, too truly, so sound to very many Italians, although they are composed and harmonized in Italian verses and accents." The experiments thus characterized have certainly borne the practical test of public approval; many of the poems written in these "barbarous" measures are among his best-beloved productions.

The majority of Carducci's poems have not been translated into English; many of them it would be unwise to attempt to translate. Now and then his English readers have found the temptation irresistible, and thus a number of the poems may be read in creditable English versions. The best of these versions with which we are acquainted have been made by Mr. Frank Sewall, Mr. G. A. Greene, and Mr. M. W. Arms. We regret that Mr. Howells and Mr. William Everett did not come down as far as Carducci in their books on modern Italian poetry. There is still an excellent choice remaining for the judicious and competent translator. And of Carducci's prose, which is of large volume and great intellectual significance, there is no reason why we should not have an adequate English translation.

CASUAL COMMENT.

BOOKS AND THE MORAL CONSCIOUSNESS have inter-relations of more kinds than one. The acquisition of coveted volumes by methods other than purchase or gift has long been held a venial sin, a mere peccadillo, in fact, that should no more cause prickings of conscience than do similar modes of acquiring umbrellas. The open-shelf system now gaining favor with public-library managers and patrons offers extraordinary temptations to book-lovers of an easy conscience. The librarian of the Oakland (Cal.) Public Library reports 1808 books missing at the annual inventory—a sad testimony to the innate depravity of human nature. Comfort, however, may be derived from his confidence that these hundreds of volumes are not all lost to the library, but that most of them will come back with the same informality that marked their exit. Yet the least abuse of a valuable privilege is to be deplored. Do open shelves breed contempt for the rights of literary property? A return to chained books would perhaps awaken the culprits to a proper sense of the benefits they now so lightly esteem. But there are cheering signs in other quarters that not all book-reading communities are so lax in bibliothecal ethics. The Trenton (N. J.) Public Library, for example, allows its patrons unparalleled privileges: they have free access to a large selection of books and may take home as many as they wish—first having them properly charged, of course—except that in fiction a borrower must solace himself with only one work at one time. We have, too, the librarian's personal assurance that this generosity is not abused. And this from the state of New Jersey, almost from that palace of political iniquity the New Jersey state capitol!

BROWNING IN SEATTLE has as queer a sound as "Cicero in Maine," the book-title with which Mrs. Martha Baker Dunn startled her readers two years ago. But that the city on Puget Sound is not so Klondike-crazy, so Alaska-mad, so exposition-eager, as not to see charms in "Paracelsus" and "The Ring and the Book," all may convince themselves by reading, in the February "Cornhill," the interesting article on "Browning out West" which is contributed by Professor Frederick Morgan Padelford at the instance of Dr. Furnivall. Mr. Padelford's unexpected and highly-gratifying success in conducting a Browning elective at the state university of Washington is agreeably narrated by him. Browning, he believes, more than any other English poet, appeals to the American love of strenuous endeavor, to the inquisitive American interest in character-unravelling, the national aggressiveness, curiosity, bent for psychological analysis, and fondness for sociological problems. While the English university ideal is culture, and the German university ideal is scholarship (of the Dryasdust brand), the writer holds that the American university ideal is public service, the betterment of society. The younger generation wishes to become men and women who *do* things, not who *have* things; and these young men and women find their creed worthily formulated in Browning, in his philosophy of life and his clarion call to spiritual conflict and ultimate spiritual triumph. Even his harshness and roughness (artistically considered) would seem to work for and not against him; at any rate they do not repel his stalwart disciples of the far Northwest as they tend to repel readers in whom the artistic sense predominates.

THE EMOLUMENTS OF AUTHORSHIP have rarely been large, but have always furnished a theme for curious discussion. Some statistics recently collected concerning the savings of authors show that seven eminent writers, lately deceased, including Edwin Arnold, George Gissing, and William Sharp, left estates that together amounted to about \$65,000, or an average of \$9,285 apiece—not a princely fortune, surely. But they have their reward, we must believe, even if it be not in the coin of the realm. And of those writers whose works are produced solely with a view to monetary returns, we can truly say that "they have their reward" also. The modern saw that "to die rich is to die disgraced" has a measure of truth for others besides ironmasters. At any rate, the books that have sold by the hundred thousand copies, and have filled the authors' pockets, are often not the books to look back upon with unmixed satisfaction.

SHAKESPEARE AND RALEIGH are two illustrious Elizabethan names that are again to be associated in the forthcoming life of the bard of Avon for the "English Men of Letters" series by Professor Walter Raleigh. Strange enough is it that the greatest name in English literature—or in all literature, for that matter—has so long been conspicuous by its absence on this roll of honor, headed, twenty-nine years ago, by Leslie Stephen's life of Johnson. Is it that some dim sense of the absurdity of calling Shakespeare a "man of letters" has hitherto deterred the publishers from adding his name to their list? Or has the difficulty lain in finding a biographer of the exceptional qualities requisite for the task in hand? Except perhaps Mr. Sidney Lee, no one is better fitted to write the projected volume than Professor Raleigh.

NINETY-SIX NOVELS FROM THE SAME PEN is a remarkable record, but that is the number now credited to "John Strange Winter," or Mrs. Stannard, as she is known in the world of fact. Other work, too, has come from her busy hand and brain; and now she confesses that she is "tired of writing novels," but that "it does not do to be tired of earning one's living." She has certainly earned the right to be weary of novel-writing. There are those who would be excessively wearied if they had even to read ninety-six novels, not to speak of writing them.

SHAKESPEAREANA MANUFACTURED IN ENGLAND FOR THE AMERICAN TRADE are now said to lure the dollars from the pockets of unwary book-collecting American millionaires visiting England—a neat reprisal for our heartless carrying off of so many literary treasures from that country, notably and very recently the Shelley notebooks which our English cousins may well have grieved to lose. An ostrich appetite for costly rarities can hardly be attended with an Epicurean nicety and discrimination in picking and choosing.

IRVING'S OLD HOME IN NEW YORK, at the corner of Irving Place and Seventeenth Street, is in danger of being destroyed to make way for modern improvements, and a project is now under discussion for its preservation, and its conversion into a museum that shall serve as a perpetual reminder of the good old days of literary New York. It was this house that Irving occupied when his fame was at its height, and the historic structure is hallowed by many associations dear to lovers of our literature in its early prime.

The New Books.

SOME FAMOUS LITERARY APOSTLES.*

Mrs. Charles Brookfield, who with her husband recently gave us a very pleasant account of "Mrs. Brookfield and her Circle," has supplemented this with another volume of the same readable, literary-gossipy sort, containing still further reminiscences of her father-in-law, William Henry Brookfield, and his friends — chiefly those whose friendship dated back to the "golden age" at Cambridge and his student days at Trinity College. The "Apostles," as is well known, were certain bright young men, poetic in temperament, speculative, inquiring, and wholly fearless, who formed an association called the "Cambridge Conversazione Society," at whose meetings essays and poems were read, and untrammelled discussion was carried on concerning all things in heaven and earth, and a few other matters besides. Minutes of these meetings were never published, if indeed they were regularly kept; and whether or not the club was a hot-bed of radicalism, atheism, and worse, was left to the anxious or amused conjecture of university authorities and others. Its vigorous prime covered the years 1824-1840, and it was in this period that, as Trinity was observed to contribute the main support of the society, its meetings came to be held in that college; and as its membership was limited to twelve, it acquired the jocose nickname of "Apostles."

Of those who were members of the society in its golden prime, Mrs. Brookfield gives sketches and letters and traditions of thirteen, her father-in-law (who, however, another authority declares, was not a member at all) claiming first place and having more space accorded him than anyone else. A bright light he undoubtedly was, being a popular preacher, a wit whose presence enlivened any company, a Shakespearean reader hardly excelled by the Kembles, father or daughter, and a thoroughly good-hearted, high-minded, pleasant-tempered gentleman. But the distinctive quality of his wit seems to have been untransferrable to the printed page: we are repeatedly assured of its delicate and delectable flavor, but somehow never quite succeed in getting a toothsome morsel into our mouth. Other men's good things, which he was fond of repeating, are offered us in some abundance, and these help one to judge of his taste in such matters. For

*THE CAMBRIDGE "APOSTLES." By FRANCES M. BROOKFIELD. With portraits. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

example, concerning an estimable man who was said to be of exemplary modesty, someone ventured to ask, "What has he done to be modest of?" This pleased Brookfield, as also did Douglas Jerrold's saying, after reading Harriet Martineau, "There is no God — and Harriet is his prophet." We can imagine him enjoying such Elian absurdities as the famous question put to the man carrying home a rodent of the genus *lepus*, "Is that your own hare or a wig?" In short, one surmises that Brookfield's wit had that delicately subtle and deliciously unexpected quality that often expresses itself largely in gesture and facial expression and tone of voice, and that depends for its thorough enjoyment on atmosphere and association — on the context, so to speak. Venables, a competent authority, says: "In irresistible humor none of the 'Apostles' rivalled Brookfield." "He had infinite humor," says Kinglake, "but humor resulting — like Shakespeare's — from mastering of human characters, and not from any love of mere shallow, mindless drollery. . . I never heard him say a bitter thing."

Besides Brookfield, whose biography has been fully given in "Mrs. Brookfield and her Circle," the "Apostles" selected for notice, each in a separate chapter, are Blakesley, Buller, Hallam (of "In Memoriam"), Kemble, Lushington, Maurice, Milnes, Spedding, Sterling, Tennyson, Trench, and Venables. Some excerpts are now in order; first one about the "Apostles" collectively.

"But trivial assaults the 'Apostles' could afford to ignore, for if they had detractors they had also admirers and imitators. W. E. Gladstone founded an Essay Club at Oxford on the model of the 'Apostles' and boasted of it — though he owned it never quite satisfied him. 'The Apostles,' he said, 'are a much more general society.' Blakesley leaves it recorded that it was Arthur Hallam who founded this Club, and he probably thought this because Hallam had given Gladstone help in the drawing up of its rules. 'The Sterling' was certainly inspired by the 'Apostles,' as were numerous other societies; and, indirectly, the London Library, an institution of an entirely different kind, grew out of it."

Thackeray, who, though intimate with members of the society, appears never to have belonged to it, was a warm friend and admirer of Brookfield, if one may judge from the following:

"Thackeray admired Brookfield with the ardour of a generous nature; he loved to hear him talk, and would unweariedly listen to him a whole night through. He went to hear his sermons and his readings whenever he could; he loved his wit and took it up and used it and illustrated it; as also, by the way, did Leech."

Thackeray has immortalized Brookfield as "Frank Whitestock" in "The Curate's Walk."

And all this warmth of regard was reciprocated by its object, even to the extent of disliking the novels of Dickens. "Unredeemed trash," is his verdict on "The Old Curiosity Shop." Of Brookfield as a pulpit orator it may be worth while to cite Lord Lytton's assertion that he had "never heard anyone so easy, almost colloquial, insomuch that there was a sort of temptation to forget that it was preaching, and get up and answer him." Greville records in his diary: "A magnificent sermon from Brookfield. He is one of the few preachers whose sermons never weary me, however long, . . . and the elocution perfect."

George Stovin Venables is perhaps best known as the man who in boyhood, on the Charterhouse playground, met his schoolmate Thackeray in fistic combat, in response to the other's challenge, and did such execution that the embryo novelist came out of the engagement with a broken nose—and also a lasting affection for the breaker, an affection that was warmly returned. Venables, barrister and afterward judge, contributed to the literature of his day chiefly in the form of anonymous journalism. The "Saturday Review" and the "Times," among other papers, profitted by his scholarly attainments. That he had a ready wit, in addition to his other accomplishments, is made pleasantly apparent.

"Once when Venables was leaving a dinner party where Sir Frederick Pollock also had been he took up his hat in the hall, saying, 'Here's my Castor—where's Pollock's?' Always a favoured guest at the Grange, he said at a time when he and the world in general were much excited over inland travellers, that Mr. Parkyn's book on Africa was the most successful attempt on record of a man being able to reduce himself to the savage state."

Concerning Hallam, that youth of rare promise who died at twenty-two, on the eve of wedding Emily Tennyson, it must here suffice to quote Gladstone's enthusiastic encomium.

"There was nothing in the region of the mind which he might not have accomplished. I mourn in him, for myself, my earliest near friend; for my fellow-creatures, one who would have adorned his age and country, a mind full of beauty and of power, attaining almost to that ideal standard of which it is presumption to expect an example. When shall I see his like?"

None of the baker's dozen of attractive personalities portrayed in Mrs. Brookfield's pages is more attractive and more lovable than James Spedding, the man who wasted his best energies (as many thought) in whitewashing Bacon. To Brookfield he was "Spedding the Sublime"; FitzGerald called him "old Jem Spedding" and "my Sheet-Anchor"; while Thackeray

playfully dubbed him "Jeames Spending" and "that aged and most subtle serpent." Spedding's early baldness, and the gentle raillery evoked thereby, he took with philosophic amiability. It is pleasant to read FitzGerald's friendly and admiring allusions to the Baconian's lofty and depilated brow, which he somewhere likens to Shakespeare's. Says Mrs. Brookfield:

"Spedding was a favorite subject for his friend FitzGerald's banter. He writes for instance, 'Spedding is all the same as ever, not to be improved, one of the best sights in London.' When he went to America with Lord Ashburnham, FitzGerald said: 'Of course you have read the account of Spedding's forehead landing in America; English sailors hailed it in the Channel mistaking it for Beachy Head.' And later on in this visit he mentions that he begins to feel sure that Spedding would be safe in America, because 'to scalp such a forehead was beyond any Indian's power.'"

Except Henry Lushington, each of the "Apostles" sketched by the author's pen is also presented in pictorial likeness, the half-tone reproductions being from paintings or drawings. Spedding's portrait is drawn by his own hand. The book, like its predecessor, is handsomely made, with clear type, good paper, and an index, whose five pages, however, do not contain all the entries one might have occasion to look for—not even all the names of persons mentioned in the work. If the book has still another fault, it may be the more serious be thought to be an unduly generous inclusion of pleasant trivialities. However, they entertain—or, if not, they may be skipped.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

A BOOK OF SPANISH PHANTASIES.*

To the lover of Spain, every new book descriptive of the country comes as a fresh delight. "The Cities of Spain," by Mr. Edward Hutton, is one of the last and outwardly one of the most attractive of last year's large output. Twenty-four full-page illustrations in color by Mr. A. Wallace Rimington, together with a nearly equal number of photographic copies of paintings from the Prado gallery, make the volume well worth possessing. This affords some comfort to the purchaser who, upon opening the book, reads the following statement of the author:

"It is the art of Literature that I practice, and by my achievement or failure in this art I am to be judged. Therefore, if I prefer not to speak of Spain at all within

* THE CITIES OF SPAIN. By Edward Hutton. With illustrations in color and photographure. New York: The Macmillan Co.

the chapters of my book, it is that I do not wish facts to become of too much importance there, of more importance, that is, than I, the artist, choose, and because I will not speak of what I have loved without knowledge."

Of course if Mr. Hutton prefers not to speak of Spain because of insufficient knowledge, well and good; but why, then, label his work "The Cities of Spain"? After reading the book, the reviewer suggests, as a more fitting title, "Spanish Phantasies" or, "Sobs of the Desert."

In his practice of the art of literature, the author tells us that the country about Toledo is "fulfilled with an immense energy, the energy of silence." Speaking of a chapel in the cathedral at Burgos, he says: "To pray in such a place if one were *sorry* might seem impossible, and if one were glad one would go to the hills." He gazes upon the "tawny passionate landscape," and the "latent groinings of the hills." He loves the very look and sound of the words "desert," "sun," and "stars," and sprinkles his pages with them until they resemble a chart of the starry firmament itself. "For while some have loved women and others have sought for fame, and others have flung everything away for money," he says, "it is the sun that I have loved, the sun which is the smile of God." Spain, through this medium, makes an especial appeal to Mr. Hutton, who thus further expresses himself:

"And, though for no other cause, yet for this I find Spain the most beautiful country of Europe: that with her abide the mountains and the desert and over all the sun. . . . Now, therefore, let us rejoice together, that there remains to us a land where these things are; for there the wind blows on the mountains, and in the desert there is silence, and at dawn and at noon and at evening we may behold the sun."

There come times, however, when our author finds the sun so hot that he is "afraid"; but we feel less concerned about him when we read that he is also sometimes frightened at the lack of sun. Upon his return to his London home, he writes:

"And a sort of twilight everywhere in this city of mean streets continually makes me afraid and is heavy upon me, and there is no sun."

In other respects he seems an uneasy, restless body. When in England, he yearns to escape from the "trumpery cities" to the "land of the sun and the desert," where "the very boulders are writhing in agony to find expression." In Spain, however, he longs for England. At the Escorial, after wandering through the immense corridors, he says:

"I was thinking of the spring far far away in the world where the peach-blossoms flutter over the gardens like pink butterflies, and the willows are laughing

together beside the rivers, and the wind is blowing over the sea; and I was weary because I was so far away."

The book, then, is subjective throughout. It records Mr. Hutton's sentiments and impressions, when he is weary, or frightened, or merely "sorry." Burgos he finds to be the first city he has seen "that verily believes in Christ." "She is an image of Faith, of Exaltation in a world that is overheated and full of lies and greatly desirous." Avila is "the visible image of the word Amen." In the Mosque of Cordova he "remembered only beautiful things and joy." "I lost myself in a new contemplation; I kissed the old voluptuous marbles; I touched the strange, precious inscriptions, and with my finger I traced the name of God."

In order better to receive the message that Spain has for him, Mr. Hutton frequently travelled on horseback. In approaching Avila, he says:

"What she means to those who come to her by railway, I know not, who saw her like a mirage in the desert after many days. Lost in the infinite silence, under the sun and the sky, I had longed for her as of old men longed for the Holy City, and when I found her at last, I came to her on foot leading my mule over the stones."

Let those disposed to pity Mr. Hutton for the hardships that he must have endured upon such a trip read the following passage from his Introduction:

"Night fell—a night of large, few stars—and covered us with her coolness; even yet we were far from any city. And at last I could go no further, and told my guide so, who without any expression of surprise lifted me from my beast, laid me under a great rock, covered me with my rug, tethered the mules and began to prepare supper. I shall not forget the beauty of that night, nor the silence under those desert stars."

After comforts like these in the open, is it any wonder that the failure of the electric light in the hotel at Valladolid fairly unmans him? He speaks thus of this fearful experience:

"The horror of the toilet, in an unknown room, the search for the bed with the help of a match, I will not describe."

It is surprising to note, in a book with the title "The Cities of Spain" and containing 324 pages, the amount of space allotted to each city. The chapter dealing with Cadiz numbers two and one-half pages; that which treats of Jerez, one and one-half pages by the author, together with a wholly irrelevant quotation from an English diary of the seventeenth century. Four pages are given to Cordova, and four to the Escorial, nearly one-half of which is quoted. The description of the Alhambra is reprinted from Swinburne's eighteenth century account,

while eight of the fourteen pages on Madrid are taken from James Howell who wrote in 1622. There is a chapter of about sixty pages on the Prado Gallery, and another shorter one entitled "Early Spanish Paintings." The art criticism here is vague and unsatisfying, with somewhat long historical digressions.

As an excellent example of Mr. Hutton's style and subject-matter, we quote his closing paragraph:

"For me, at least, Spain remains as a sort of refuge, a land of sun and desert. If that be the obscure need of your spirit, go to her and she will heal you. For in the sun everything is true, all we have hoped and believed and at last forgone, all the beautiful things of old time when Aphrodite at noon loved Adon, and Demeter sought for Persephone, and in the woods and on the mountains the women, stained with the juice of grapes, followed Dionysos; when, in the dusty ways of the city, Christ gave sight to the blind, and in the heat of the day when the almond trees were shedding their blossoms He went by the stony ways to Golgotha. And we, too, shall be weary at evening, for he made the stars also."

GEORGE G. BROWNELL.

STURGIS'S HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE.*

The first volume of Mr. Russell Sturgis's "History of Architecture" is at hand, and the two volumes remaining to complete the work are scheduled for the present year. The work is large in scope, as a brief summary of the contents will serve to show.

Volume I. treats of those epochs and styles which are only half known to the modern student—the Egyptian, Babylonian and Assyrian, and later Western Asiatic styles; Greek art down to the final conquest by Rome; the earlier Italian art in its various forms; the Roman Imperial architecture.

Volume II. treats of the architecture of India, China, Japan, and other oriental nations, and includes also that Mohammedan architecture which arose out of the Byzantine styles. A treatment of the great Gothic school of Central and Northern Europe brings the history down to the fifteenth century.

Volume III. deals with the fifteenth century remodelling of the art of Europe, the French florid Gothic, the English Tudor style, and as contemporary with these the beginnings of the classical revival in Italy, followed by the European styles of the revived classic or neo-classic. Finally, in this volume will be studied the

"anomalous modern conditions, with an explanation of the failure of the nineteenth century in architecture while it was succeeding in painting and in sculpture, and with constant effort to disentangle the serious attempts at original design from the mass of building which is undisguisedly copied from earlier styles, and which is wholly commercial in its inspiration." The record is brought down to the time of "those innovations in building which now foreshadow complete changes in all architectural style,"—which last, probably, instead of "changes" means the development or evolution of a new architectural style.

The publishers of the work explain that "in all this long inquiry the domestic architecture of each period is kept in view as offering a necessary corrective of conclusions which the grandiose architecture of the temple and the church, taken by itself, would suggest. This is especially the case in more recent times, when it is often found that the design of the dwelling-house is more nearly akin to refined and noble art than is that of the larger and more noticeable buildings." This last is a saving clause, for it is only in very modern times that domestic architecture and monumental architecture have failed to develop harmoniously in all essential characteristics, and this harmonious development very probably runs back to the earliest times; though the author regrets his inability, through insufficient data, to write critically of the domestic architecture of such comparatively well-known civilizations as those of Egypt and of Greece, fearing to trench upon the domain of historical romance.

Architecture is itself a history—a record of human desire and activity, of race movement and achievement; and a history of architecture may be one or the other of two things, or a blending of them. It may be an interpretation of the art and a determination of its relation to the life and philosophy of the race, showing the effect of modes of life and thought upon the ideals of the race as expressed in building in the abstract; or it may be a record of technical achievement, made forceful by a comparison of concrete examples. If it be a judicious blending of the two, it will hold more of human interest and be more effective as an educational factor in the general evolution of a sympathetic knowledge of art.

Mr. Russell Sturgis, author, critic, and one-time architect, comes well equipped for his task of formulating critical and comparative judgments on such material as would naturally form

* A HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE. By Russell Sturgis, A.M. Volume I. Antiquity. Illustrated in photogravure, etc. New York: Baker & Taylor Co.

the basis of a great descriptive history of architecture. His great knowledge and infinite patience, his keen observation and care for details even to the counting and recording of the number and disposition of brick or stone courses in a monumental structure, his capacity for balancing part against part and whole against whole, render his judgment as a *connoisseur* highly to be respected. As a record of architectural events, this history, as evidenced by the volume in hand, leaves nothing to be desired. The work so far is an admirable example of the second form which a history of architecture may take, as above stated. Whether the completed work will express that most desirable blending of human life with technical achievement which constitutes art, remains to be seen. In the absence of the remaining volumes, the publishers' statement on this point may be given.

"The History of Architecture which we announce will discriminate closely between the natural artistic results of construction and those methods of design which are quite apart from construction and are the result of abstract thinking and of the pure sense of form—or, in a few cases, of color. An architectural design of any kind may have been conceived much as a piece of sculpture is conceived, that is, as a piece of pure form; and it is in this way that much of Greek architecture took shape—the simple requirements of the building of the time having but little influence upon it. On the other hand, with an energetic race of builders like the French of the twelfth century, a race not gifted with the sense of form to anything like the degree in which it was possessed by the Greeks, the merit of a design would naturally be found in the extraordinary logic and in the sincerity of the work, the placing of each stone helping at once the artistic results and the construction. Those are the extremes. Between them is the wide field of styles in which both influences are at work."

The two extremes thus indicated may be denominated broadly the architecture of "form" and the architecture of "feeling," the architecture of the intellect and the architecture of the emotions. The volume before us is dominated by the classic ideal, and the emotions have little play. The architecture of Egypt which reaches emotional depths is treated with too formal a touch, and it is only from the illustrations that one can fully understand why Greek art stopped at the threshold of Egypt, nor sought to compete with the intellect against the passions.

A history of architecture which is based on race psychology will explain why the pyramids express the soul of Egypt and of no other country; will explain not only that the columns were of magnificent proportions and the lintelled roofs were massive, but also that the dominating thought in the mind of the race made other proportions and less enduring masses im-

possible; that the column was not a column, but an everlasting support,—that a lintel was not a lintel, but an everlasting roof. A study of the mind of Greece will show in the changing dimensions of column and lintel not only a development of architectural form but the birth of an idea which becomes clear and clean-cut and is evolved to its logical limit. A study of the Roman temperament will show how it was reflected in an overpowering architecture in which the undeveloped idea of the arch and the fully developed idea of the lintel were hopelessly confused and endlessly entangled. Not all of this is set forth in the present volume as fully or as vividly as the student could desire. Such treatment does not necessarily take history into the domain of romance. A history of architecture which is based on the philosophy of life will explain how, when Greece bowed to Egypt, the exploiters of Roman classic art could have carried their wares into the presence of the great temples of the north and not have been humbled into inactivity. This and kindred matters of race psychology should find treatment in the final volume. It is needless at this time to anticipate this treatment further than to suggest that perhaps painting and sculpture in general have not in the nineteenth century reached a comparatively much higher plane than has architecture. Mr. Sturgis's appreciation of sculpture, as evidenced in the first volume, is very sympathetic; and its treatment is on the side of the relation of this art to architecture. The present day has made it a thing apart, which is not necessarily elevating it to a higher plane. Conditions which now surround architecture are very different from those of Egypt, Greece, and France of the twelfth century; but that does not necessarily relegate to a lower plane that architecture which characteristically sums up these conditions. But in point of fact, we produce no great architecture of form, for our intellects are devoted to the development of the sciences; nor do we produce great architecture of feeling, because our emotions are swamped in the strenuous hustle of the commercial life. Our intellects do not any longer *imagine* forms, they simply *remember*; our emotions no longer throb passionately, they merely flutter. And what applies to art applies with more or less equal force to the making of books and even the writing of history.

The specimen pages sent out in advance do not fairly represent the work. With these in mind, one first opens the book with misgivings. However, it is pleasing to note that the style is

self-contained and much in the author's earlier manner. The task of collating and arranging the great mass of detail has been heavy, and the outcome is a work of great value and a matter of congratulation to both author and publisher. In general make-up, the work is very attractive. The letter-press is well-nigh perfect; while the illustrations, which number more than four hundred in the first volume, are well chosen and extremely well reproduced. The full-page plates are carbongravures, while the illustrations in the text are half-tones from photographs and photo-etchings from line drawings and engravings, but so harmonized in scale and so well placed that the effect of the whole is pleasing to an extent that is not always the case when varied means of reproduction are employed. The most serious mechanical slip seems to be in the inversion of the first half-tone plate in the chapter on the Corinthian style. Beyond this mishap, too much praise can hardly be given to the care which has entered into the artistic make-up of the initial volume, and which it is to be hoped sets a standard to be followed in the remaining ones.

IRVING K. POND.

WASHINGTON LIFE IN EARLY DAYS.*

It has been said that we are all gossips at heart, no matter how we try to conceal our interest in our fellows. Even if not belonging to a class that likes to listen to gossip over a back fence, we may still be of those who welcome a fresh bit of scandal "about Queen Elizabeth." And if history be, as Carlyle avers, merely the biographies of great men, is it a thing to blush for that we are glad of any new light upon their daily lives?

The best biographers and diarists have been men; but when it comes to letter-writing, the honors between men and women are more nearly equal. What an array of bright spirits is evoked when we call the roll of women whose letters have been given to the world to tell us somewhat of the precious old days that were before Leisure died. It is a sorrowful thought that regards these writers as having no present successors; forecasting a barren future for the historian who is to come after this prosaic day of telephone, telegram, type-writer, and picture-postal.

Since a volume of good old letters is a pos-

* THE FIRST FORTY YEARS OF WASHINGTON SOCIETY. From the Letters and Journals of Mrs. Samuel Harrison Smith (Margaret Bayard). Edited by Gaillard Hunt. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

session to be grateful for, we must acknowledge our obligations to Mr. Gaillard Hunt for his careful editing of the correspondence and notebooks of Mrs. Samuel Harrison Smith in the volume which he calls "The First Forty Years of Washington Society." To Mrs. Harrison Smith's grandson, Mr. J. Henley Smith, we owe a prefatory note in which he tells us that in the autumn of the year 1800 Samuel Harrison Smith of Philadelphia, the son of Col. Jonathan Bayard Smith of the Continental Congress and the Continental Army, and a signer of the Articles of Confederation, married his cousin Margaret Bayard, whose father, Colonel John Bayard, had had a public record almost parallel in importance with that of Colonel Smith. The young pair proceeded at once to Washington, where Mr. Smith founded and for many years conducted the "National Intelligencer," a journal of national circulation which acquired a great influence in American politics. Later, he was for a short time Secretary of the Treasury; he was the first Commissioner of the Revenue of the Treasury, and was for many years president of important banks. It was but natural that his wife should take her place among the great ladies of the young capital; and as she had some talent for writing, she became (anonymously, as befitted the taste of the day) a contributor to several journals. She also wrote a two-volume novel called "A Winter in Washington," now exceedingly rare, which is valuable because of its faithful study of Thomas Jefferson.

Such meagre outlines can easily be filled in with light, color, and movement, if one recalls that in the Washington of those days there were peculiarly favorable opportunities for delightful social intercourse and intimate friendships between people of refinement and intelligence, such as are no longer possible in the beautiful city seething with politics and slowly but surely coming under the benumbing influence of the modern commercial spirit.

Our story opens (to use a favorite phrase of the Lady's Book age of American letters) with a description of the visits paid to the young wife, whose guests were "treated to my wedding cake." In the next sentence we learn that "Mrs. B(ell) brought us a large basket of sweet potatoes, and some fine cabbages,"—an astonishing compliment, surely, to a bride! In returning the visit paid by Thomas Law (brother to Lord Ellinborough) and his wife (a descendant of Lord Baltimore, and a granddaughter of Mrs. Washington) Mr. and Mrs.

Smith were persuaded to remain "and dine off a fine turkey"; and they were conducted to the kitchen to see a "contrivance" called a "Ranger" on which the fowl had been roasted. A few days later, a modest gentleman called to arrange about the publication of a MS. "as legible as printing," which turned out to be the work known as "Jefferson's Manual," the modest gentleman who brought it discovering himself to be its author. Thus are we brought face to face with the real hero of Mrs. Smith's writings. Her intimate personal study of Jefferson covers many years, and was conducted in many places and through many scenes, but always with a loyalty and sincerity which are creditable alike to both.

Following the inauguration of 1801, the President's house was presided over by his daughters, Mrs. Randolph and Mrs. Eppes, with the grace and dignity that have given them an enviable position among the great ladies of American society. The dinners which were frequently given by Jefferson were laid on a round table at which twelve guests were seated; and the letters are filled with the sayings and doings of the brilliant men who were making history with every sentence they uttered and every page they wrote,—men upon whom we have come to look as the giants and ancients of our own younger and smaller day. Like a thread of bright embroidery worked about the historic tapestry the men were weaving, are the names of the women who created the society in which they shone,—Mrs. Madison, Mrs. Cutts, Mrs. Monroe, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Wirt, Mrs. Clay, Mrs. Calhoun. Like a panorama, we behold the charming home-life of the Jeffersons at Monticello and the Madisons at Montpelier; the burning of the Capitol and other public buildings by the British, and the flight of the terrified Washingtonians. We smile at Mrs. Smith's alarm, which leads her to say: "I do not suppose Government will ever return to Washington. All those whose property was invested in the place will be reduced to poverty." Smiles are called forth also by her lively portrayal of the scenes during Mr. Clay's Congressional speech on the Seminole War, which is here partly reproduced.

"When I reached the Hall it was so crowded that it was impossible to join my party, and after much hesitation I consented to allow Mr. Taylor to take me on the floor of the House, where he told me some ladies already were. In the House, or rather lobby of the House, I found four ladies whom I had never before seen, all genteel and fashionable, and under the protection of Mr. Mercer, who shook hands with me. The

Senate had adjourned in order to hear Mr. Clay; all the foreign ministers and suites, and many strangers, admitted on the floor in addition to the members, rendered the House crowded. The gallery was full of ladies, gentlemen, and men to a degree that endangered it. Even the outer entries were thronged, and yet such silence prevailed that tho' at a considerable distance I did not lose a word. Mr. Clay was not only eloquent but amusing, and more than once made the whole House laugh. . . . Every person had expected him to be very severe on the President, and seemed rather disappointed by his moderation. When Mr. Clay finished he came into the lobby for air and refreshment. The members crowded around him, and I imagine by his countenance that what they whispered must have been very agreeable. When he saw me he came and sat a few minutes by me. I told him I had come prepared to sit till evening, and was disappointed at his speech being so short: he said he had intended to have spoken longer, but his voice had given out; he had begun too loud and had exhausted himself. . . . The gentlemen are grown very gallant and attentive, and as it was impossible to reach the ladies through the gallery, a new mode was invented of supplying them with oranges, etc. They tied them up in handkerchiefs to which was fixed a note indicating for whom it was design'd, and then fastened to a long pole. This was taken to the floor of the house, and handed up to the ladies who sat in the front of the gallery. I imagine there were near 100 ladies there. So these presentations were frequent and quite amusing even in the midst of Mr. C.'s speech. I saw the ladies near me were more accessible, and were more than supplied with oranges, cakes, etc. We divided what was brought with each other, and were as social as if acquainted."

No less quotable are passages describing the family life of William Wirt; the excitement over the defeat of the now-forgotten Crawford; the social upheaval which has passed into history as the Peggy O'Neil incident; and the entertainments given in honor of Miss Martineau. Upon the deeper character and influence of the many notable men about her, Mrs. Smith's comments are of no great value. A woman's views of men and affairs are at best but a woman's views. But a clever woman is often able to see and portray the peculiar characteristics of an individual or an event in a way that is illuminating and valuable. It is this quality in the letters of Margaret Bayard Smith that makes their publication well worth while.

SARA ANDREW SHAFER.

THE DRAMATIC AWAKENING AT OBERLIN, which has marked its current college year, gives fresh evidence of itself in an announcement, from the classical department, of a projected performance of Aristophanes's "Clouds" toward the end of the spring term. This will be the first presentation of a Greek play in English translation that Oberlin has seen. (How many plays in the original Greek Oberlin has given, we are not told.) It is claimed, too, that this will be "almost the first" performance of "The Clouds" in any American college.

THE FLIGHT OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.*

An English translation of M. Lenotre's *Le Drame de Varennes* appears with the title "The Flight of Marie Antoinette." From the bookselling point of view, there is a certain utility in the change of title; but the words "Drama of Varennes" suggest more adequately the spirit in which M. Lenotre has treated one of the most startling and tragic situations of the French Revolution. Moreover, in his narrative the queen is not the principal figure, although she is inevitably the heroine. The interest is fixed, from beginning to end, upon the way in which every successive obstacle is passed by or broken through, until, upon the very threshold of security, the royal family is entangled in the meshes of new difficulties, which are in part simply the *débris* of previous obstacles swept along in the flight. In one sense, the English title is more exactly descriptive than the French; for no account is given of the making of the plot, the theme is the *denouement* and the final catastrophe, including the humiliating return to Paris.

Those who are acquainted with M. Lenotre's other work need not be reminded that he has used the historical method as severely in determining each detail of the story as if he were engaged on a far duller task. He refers to his "sources" specifically, and is not afraid to insert an occasional long foot-note. But this method should not alarm the general reader. The fulness and exactness of the author's information has not impaired his sense for the requirements of the story. The foot-notes are merely pertinent asides, to which the reader may refuse to listen.

The escape from the Tuileries is perhaps the most interesting group of incidents in the story, though not the most unfamiliar, because a single false step might have defeated the design at the outset; and yet the different members of the party, in spite of minor mischances, successfully carried out the rôles assigned to them. The situation was rendered more hazardous by the necessity that the royal children be taken to Count Fersen's carriage before the *coucher*. The queen personally attended them, with Madame de Tourzel, passing through unused rooms down toward the brilliantly lighted courtyard, where she might be recognized.

"They paused at the end of an empty room; through the huge glazed door they saw the glimmering lights

of the Carrousel and the groups of people moving in the court. The Queen looked out for a moment, and then hid herself once more in the gloom. Under the cold insensibility affected by the legal documents, one can guess at the anguish that must have wrung the heart of Marie Thérèse's daughter at this fatal hour."

But she went out, saw the children safely in the carriage, and was again in her apartments by a quarter to eleven. The king's *coucher* began at eleven. Lafayette arrived fifteen minutes later. The king talked with him, but seemed preoccupied and went several times to the window to observe the weather. The moment given the king for his escape was while his valet was undressing in an adjoining room, after he had assisted the king into bed and had drawn the curtains of the bedstead. When the attendant returned, he fastened to his arm a cord the other end of which was suspended on the curtain near the king's hand as he supposed. He then lay down on his own cot, "with his customary care lest he should awake his master." The further adventures of the family before they were installed in the berline are better known.

If one were inquiring about the dangers of historical rhetoric, it would be instructive, after finishing M. Lenotre's story, to read Carlyle's account. Carlyle's positive errors have already been pointed out by Mr. Oscar Browning, or by the recent editors of the "French Revolution," Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Rose; but the trouble is not in these errors so much as in the total impression from the narrative, which is that we have here almost a comedy or farce, rather than a drama which is deeply pathetic.

Among the results of M. Lenotre's special investigations is his conclusion about the recognition of the king. He discredits Drouet's tale, showing from the official report of the municipality of Ste. Ménéhould that Drouet only suspected the possible presence of the king and did not think of communicating his suspicions to the municipality until the carriage was gone an hour and a half. The king had already been recognized much earlier at Chaintrix, where the carriage arrived at half-past two in the afternoon. The royal family took no pains to deny their identity, and received the homage of the postmaster and his daughters. They were recognized again at Chalons, and M. Lenotre believes that from "this time forward the news of the fugitives' approach preceded them." At Ste. Ménéhould, a barmaid spread the rumor that the king was going to pass; "everywhere the inhabitants gave signs of being already in an anxious and over-excited state, everywhere

*THE FLIGHT OF MARIE ANTOINETTE. From the French of G. Lenotre. By Mrs. Rodolph Stawell. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

they crowded along the route of the berline." It was this situation, every moment growing more ominous, which aggravated the difficulty of keeping the dragoons at the place where Bouillé had ordered them to await the coming of the royal carriage.

In one of his supplementary chapters, "The Case of Monsieur Léonard," M. Lenotre seems hardly consistent with himself. He intimates that the alarmist reports spread by Léonard account for the failure of the post horses to be at their station in Varennes. In the general narrative, however, he says that the young officers in charge of the horses were waiting at the hotel Grand Monarque, watching at the open windows for the approach of the couriers who should tell them that the carriage was nearing the town. This statement gives the impression that there was a misunderstanding; for Valory, acting as courier, did not enter the town, although he reached it a quarter of an hour before the berline arrived.

In the supplementary chapters may be found examples of the sort of work in M. Lenotre's previous books, including four volumes on Revolutionary Paris. For the lovers of a good story, as well as for those who wish to study side-lights on the Revolution, and who may not be able to read French, it would be fortunate were a selection made from these volumes for translation.

HENRY E. BOURNE.

RECENT FICTION.*

Those who are acquainted with the fascinating history of Marcus Ordeyne his morals will need no word of commendation for "The Beloved Vagabond." Mere announcement of the fact that Mr. Locke has produced another novel will be sufficient to set them on its trail. And they will not be disappointed, for the new story is no whit inferior to its predecessor, which means that it offers the same

* THE BELOVED VAGABOND. By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Co.

SOPHY OF KRAVONIA. By Anthony Hope. New York: Harper & Brothers.

HENRY NORTHCOOTE. By John Collis Smith. Boston: Herbert B. Thayer & Co.

THE CALL OF THE BLOOD. By Robert Hichens. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE AVENGING HOUR. By H. F. Prevost Battersby. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

CHIFFINCH BOROUGH. By Stanley J. Weyman. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

SIR JOHN CONSTANTINE. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

DOUBLOONS. By Eden Phillpotts and Arnold Bennett. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

THE WHITE PLUME. By S. R. Crockett. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS O'HAGAN. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. New York: Harper & Brothers.

altogether delightful blend of invention and humor and bookishness and tender pathos and subtly ironical philosophy. The Vagabond is a masterpiece of characterization. Once known to respectability as Gaston de Nérac, he has long since sloughed off the integuments of convention, and become a joyous Bohemian, an oracle of the *café*, a peripatetic philosopher who can adapt himself to any environment that does not mean the submission to artificial restraints. The manner of his emancipation was this: in his early days of respectability he was betrothed to an English girl, having won her from his rival, a French nobleman whose wealth was equalled by his depravity. Her father being threatened with disgrace, Gaston had made a quixotic bargain with his rival, whereby the father was to be saved, and the self-sacrificing lover was to disappear, apparently deserting his betrothed. All this took place many years ago. When the story opens, we find the hero in a London garret, and in the act of adopting a small boy of the slums, in whose breast he has detected a spark of genius. This boy joins his fortunes with those of his benefactor, receives a surprising education from this companionship, and becomes the chronicler of all that follows. The dull streets of London are soon exchanged for the friendly boulevards of Paris and the sunny highways of France. There follow many adventures of a more or less picaresque nature, interspersed with expositions of the vagabond philosophy. Toward the close, there is an interlude, occasioned by the death of the French nobleman, and his widow's discovery of the truth about her old-time lover. She seeks him out, their love is declared anew, and he makes a desperate effort to become respectable once more. The experiment might have worked had it been conducted in Paris, but a brief sojourn in an English provincial town proves fatal to its success. The vagabond tries vainly to submit to the regimen of clothes and cleanliness, of abstinence and decorum, and makes a pathetic attempt to fit his conversation to the vacuous thought of his new associates. After a few weeks of silent martyrdom, he can endure it no longer, and bolts for his beloved Paris, where he relieves his pent-up feelings in a glorious spree and the congenial companionship of some amazingly abandoned rascals. Having thus restored his equilibrium, he weds a buxom peasant damsel, and prepares to end his days on a small farm which he is just able to purchase with what remains of his capital. *Il faut cultiver notre jardin* becomes his watchword, Voltaire replacing Rabelais. What we have written may do well enough for an outline of the story, but it can convey no notion whatever of the character of the hero, who is one of the most genial and human figures ever encountered within the pages of a book. It would take a very stern moralist indeed to find him, despite his obvious faults, anything but sympathetic and lovable in all the phases — even the most sordid — of his picturesque and eccentric career.

Kravonia is a principality to be sought on the

map somewhere in the vicinity of Zenda, and is, like most of the states of the mythical group to which it belongs, the sport of diplomatic intrigue. Its prince is sorely beset by enemies, but when he acquires a princess, in the shape of a beautiful English maiden — transformed from a lowly maid-servant into a captivating adventuress — his fortunes change, and he gives his foes a run for their money. Unhappily, he is killed just when triumph is at hand, and his princess goes into exile cherishing the memory of the glorious weeks of the conflict. Mr. Hope's hand has lost little of its cunning since the days when he invented Zenda, and his "Sophy of Kravonia" is a capital story, albeit the type is now somewhat worn.

Mr. John Collis Snaith is a writer comparatively new to fame, but his "Henry Northcote" is a book to be reckoned with. It is a tragedy of ambition, sombre in its coloring and questionable in its morality, but possessed of a compelling force that is far out of the common. The hero is a penniless barrister who must be described as a megalomaniac. He is fairly bursting with the consciousness of his power to become a leader of men, if only opportunity may be granted him, but is meanwhile starving in a garret. In the lowest deep of misery, the coveted opportunity comes to him in the form of a brief, which charges him with the defence of a depraved woman, a murderess whose crime is beyond the shadow of a doubt. He conducts the defence, and secures her acquittal by an appeal of dæmonic eloquence to the jury. The tragedy of the situation is psychological, for he knows in his heart that his plea is sophistical and that his motive is sheer personal ambition. This consciousness turns the victory to dust and ashes in his mouth, and he is almost at the point of renouncing the brilliant position which his forensic triumph has won for him. But with a mighty resolve, he casts all scruples to the winds, murders the woman whose life he has just saved, destroys the evidence of his crime by burning the building in which her body lies, and faces the future without feeling, as far as we are permitted to perceive, a tinge of remorse. This does not make a pleasant story, but its grip is undeniable. It is also remarkable for the way in which it preserves the classical unities, for the entire action covers only a period of three days. We may add that no one who begins to read it will be likely to delay as long as that in reaching the closing page.

The "Call of the Blood" is a worthy successor to "The Garden of Allah," hitherto the masterpiece of Mr. Robert Hichens. It offers the same combination of glowing color, picturesque setting, and psychological interest. The scene is Sicily, which is sufficiently tropical a country to justify the warmth of treatment which characterized the African romance first named. Mr. Hichens works up his material with great thoroughness, and in this case, as in the other, has submitted himself to the influences of the environment until he has become saturated with its spirit. His hero and heroine are both English,

but the former has a strain of Italian blood in his veins, and it runs riot when he takes his bride to Sicily for the honeymoon. Instincts awake in him that might never have declared themselves under the gray English skies, and he enters into the joyous existence of the island peasants and fisher-folk with results that prove disastrous. The cause of his undoing, and of the wreck of the bride's happiness, is a girl of the people, whose unsophisticated charm stirs his dormant passions, and finally lures him to death. For this inevitable outcome every chapter and episode of the book help to prepare the way, and the author, with a fine artistic marshalling of his materials, brings the long-impending tragedy to its appropriate climax. In respect of scene-painting, dramatic construction, and emotional force alike, the book deserves unusual praise.

Owen Davenant, the hero of Mr. H. F. Prevost Battersby's "The Avenging Hour," is on his way from London to South Wales, where Lord St. Osyth, the aged kinsman from whom he expects to inherit, lives in a remote castle with the young wife who has recently accepted the offer of his hand and what remained of his heart. The only other occupant of the railway carriage in which Davenant travels is a woman of such alluring charm that he cultivates her acquaintance as speedily as the circumstances will allow, and is aided therein by certain fortuitous happenings, chief among which is an accident to the line which considerably lengthens the journey. To put the matter bluntly, he has accomplished her seduction before the journey's end, and then learns, to his consternation, that they have the same destination, and that she is no other than the wife of the kinsman whom he is about to visit. This is a startling situation indeed, yet a situation managed with so much delicacy and literary art as to seem far less shocking than it ought to seem, and of course really is. The next move in the game is to introduce the aged husband, and to represent him as a very vulgar and disagreeable person, thereby creating a distinct prepossession in favor of his erring wife. This is deftly done, but even then Davenant's decent instincts (for he has them) make his stay under that roof intolerable, and he departs on a military expedition to Africa, where he takes long chances, leads forlorn hopes, and escapes unscathed in accordance with the accepted conventions of this sort of melodrama. While thus far away news comes to him that St. Osyth is dead, but that ill-fated love has borne its fruit, and that, by the strictest poetic justice, his sin has become the instrument of his undoing, for the posthumous child is the legal inheritor of the estate. Still later, the child dies, which somehow seems to make it possible for the lovers to come together, and the whole miserable business is patched up after the fashion which was to be expected — at least by the confirmed reader of modern sex-fiction. The teller of this story disguises its essential repulsiveness by a skilful use of the casuistry of sentiment and the grace of literary composition — those insidious devices by which the

modern novelist contrives to blur every principle he pleases, and make almost any atrocious act seem ethically plausible.

"Chippinge Borough," Mr. Weyman's new novel, is not unprovided with those elements of personal and sentimental interest that go to the making of popular fiction, but it is essentially a novel of political history, and the Reform Bill is its real subject. The hazardous fortunes of that measure, and its ultimate triumph, are matters of such tremendous importance so vividly set forth that by comparison the fortunes of the rather colorless hero and heroine seem unexciting. It is not that these figures, and the others subsidiary to them, are badly done, for Mr. Weyman is too skilled a story-teller to give us puppets for human beings; but they somehow tend to become accessories to an action which has issues far more fateful than those which concern any of the individuals involved. Chippinge is one of the rotten boroughs menaced by the Bill, and barely escapes being wiped off the political map. Its two seats have hitherto been the undisputed property of one Robert Vermuyden, who is a most uncompromising Tory. His kinsman and putative heir is a young man who becomes infected with radical notions, and is daring enough to oppose the Vermuyden interest by joining with the reformers. He is also sentimental enough to fall in love with a demure schoolmistress, which complicates matters a good deal, since the young woman turns out to be old Vermuyden's daughter, long mourned for dead. The tangle is straightened out, as a matter of course, the Bill passes the Lords, and one of Chippinge's seats is saved from the wreck. Among historical figures, Brougham figures strikingly in the story; and among historical happenings, there is a fine picture of the Bristol riots. On the whole, we must congratulate the author upon what is very nearly if not quite the best of all his novels.

Corsica in the middle of the eighteenth century, struggling under Paoli to escape from Genoese rule, offers a fine field for historical romance, and Mr. Quiller-Couch has made the most of it in his "Sir John Constantine." But Paoli is not the hero of this tale, for invention has come to the aid of history, and supplied more legitimate claimants for the Corsican throne in the offspring of one King Theodore, an adventurer of somewhat shady character, but, according to the novelist's scheme, of unquestionably royal authenticity. Brought to the degradation of a debtor's prison in London, this exalted scapegrace obtains succor from an Englishman, Sir John Constantine, an old-time lover of the woman who, by marriage with Theodore, had become for a brief period Queen Emilia of Corsica. He is a quixotic old gentleman with an only son, for whom he has conceived great ambitions: Between the exiled king and the Englishman a bargain is struck. Theodore declares that he has no children living (although he knows that he has) and, in consideration of certain moneys, makes over to Prosper, Sir John's son, the royal title. There now remain only

the invasion of Corsica, the expulsion of the Genoese, and the establishment of Prosper upon the throne — an easy matter, in the estimation of our modern Don Quixote. The army of invasion (numbering seven in all) is collected, and sails merrily for the Mediterranean. A skirmish with Barbary pirates threatens to imperil the expedition, which, however, in somewhat battered condition finally lands upon the Corsican shores. Hardly has this haven been reached, when Prosper falls into the hands of brigands, who turn out to be under the leadership of a young man and woman, brother and sister, who are the legitimate children of Theodore and Emilia, and consequently the real heirs to whatever titles and dignities those royal personages have the power to transmit. But even these young people are without honor in their native country, for suspicion attaches to their past, and meanwhile the Paolis are rallying the patriotic forces of the island to their own standard. So we have the situation of the legitimate heirs to the kingdom fugitives in the *macchia*, and the innocent English pretender a captive in their hands. The plot works out by disclosing the despicable and treacherous character of the Prince, and the passionate and high-hearted temper of the Princess. The obvious solution (since historical fact does not permit either Prince or Princess or Pretender to achieve a throne) is for Prosper and the Princess to fall in love with one another (which they do in course of time) and in the end to sail away together from the distracted island. As for Sir John, he dies fighting the Genoese, and his end is no less heroic than the rest of his career. The other figures in the romance awaken our interest; he alone commands our love.

The names of Mr. Eden Phillpotts and Mr. Arnold Bennett appear conjointly upon the title-page of "Doubleloons." Reading the story, we find it to be the tale of a mysterious crime in London followed by a mysterious expedition to the Caribbean in search of buried Spanish gold. This combination of "Sherlock Holmes" and "Treasure Island" is pleasing in its simple fashion, but what is Mr. Phillpotts doing in that galley? We refuse to associate him with so preposterous a yarn, and insist that his literary partner must be held chiefly responsible. The London part of the story is better than its sequel, and provides a thrill for every chapter. After a while, the complication becomes so great that there is nothing for it but to cut loose and take refuge in foreign parts. Meanwhile, all sorts of loose ends are left hanging, and some of them are not gathered up at all.

"The White Plume," by Mr. S. R. Crockett, once more drags long-suffering Henry into the limelight. Among those who surround him upon the stage are his easy-going consort, the wicked Queen-mother with her flying squadron, the other and weaker Henry who is King of France, and the sinister Guise. Far off in Spain, the spider Philip is seen in his web in the Escorial, spinning the threads of intrigue. A prologue to the tale gives us St.

Bartholomew and the murder of Coligny. Given these materials, a historical romance of the conventional type makes itself, and the considerable interest of the present example must be attributed in part only to the ingenuity of its fabricator. Still, Mr. Crockett has put his historical facts (duly supplemented by sentimental inventions) to skilful use, and made the old story quite readable again.

"The Illustrious O'Hagan" is the title of Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's new novel, and the Illustrious O'Hagan is its hero. The first thing to be explained about this hero is that there are two of him — twins so closely alike that their friends can hardly tell them apart. He (or they) became "illustrious" by fighting under the French king at Fontenoy. Afterwards, one of him goes to the Morea and gets killed. The other, resting on his laurels in Paris, is summoned to a little German principality to rescue a sweetheart of his youth from her brute of a husband. He starts blithely on the adventure, and is soon followed by his brother, who is conveniently resuscitated at this juncture, being needed in the novelist's business. The scene is henceforth in Schlafingen, where the maiden is in sore distress, and where we learn that her princely husband is even more of a brute than we had ventured to anticipate. Since the O'Hagan is now doubled — a fact unknown to anyone but himself — he is enabled to work for her rescue in two places at once, which gives him a decided advantage in the game. Of course the rescue is effected, and then the superfluous O'Hagan and the brutal prince kill each other in a welter of gore, which is just as well for both parties, since one of them is not fit to live, and the other is badly wanted (for a hanging matter) in England. Here ends our entertainment, a romantic one withal, and a merry.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Mosby's Rangers
in the Civil War.*

Something unique in the way of war recollections is Mr. J. W. Munson's "Reminiscences of a Mosby Guerrilla" (Moffat, Yard & Co.). Heretofore the public has known little of the real life of that famous war band commanded by John S. Mosby, who in 1864 General Grant tried to capture and hang, who in 1872 was a political lieutenant of President Grant, and in 1907 is said to be one of the advisers of President Roosevelt on Southern affairs. This book throws much light upon the character of the command — its leader, the members, and its methods of warfare. There is not a word about constitutional theories, nothing about State Rights, no latter-day historical philosophizing, no description of conditions in the South during and after the war, nothing, in short, except a lively account of the fighting life of the Forty-third Virginia Battalion of Partisan Rangers, commonly known in both North and South

as "Mosby's Guerrillas." The regular troops of the Confederacy thought that too many privileges were given to Mosby and his men; the Federal commanders thought that the Rangers ought to be hanged, and they did hang some of them, — but Mosby retaliated, and since he could hang about a hundred to one, he thus stopped that plan of dealing with his men. Mr. Munson, the author of this book, joined the Rangers when seventeen years of age and served until the final surrender. Judging from the tone of his book, he was much in love with the life of the Rangers. Most of his narrative is about what he himself saw and took part in. He informs us that the chief object of Mosby, who operated within the Federal lines, was to secure information for Lee and Stuart, to protect Southern sympathizers outside of the Confederate lines, to capture supplies, and to "annoy the enemy." In the latter purpose General Grant complained that it took 17,000 of his men to look after Mosby's four hundred. The region in which the Rangers operated embraced Fauquier and Loudoun counties, about a hundred and fifty miles from Richmond, near the Blue Ridge Mountains. This was called "Mosby's Confederacy," and of Mosby's rule here the author says: "During the war all local government in that country was suspended. . . . The people looked to Mosby to make the necessary laws and to execute them; and no country before, during, or since the war, was ever better governed. Mosby would not permit a man to commit a crime . . . in his domain. One of his men, in a spirit of deviltry, once turned over an old Quaker farmer's milk cans, and when Mosby heard of it he ordered me to take the man over . . . to General Early with the message that such a man was not fit to be a Guerilla." It was a rare body of reckless young fighters whose exploits are chronicled in this volume. With the help of this description of the possibilities of guerrilla warfare, we may gain a conception of the service rendered to both South and North by General Lee when he refused to countenance such a method of prolonging the contest. The recent statements of Mr. Charles Francis Adams on this point have an added force when one thinks of the conditions that would have followed had there been hundreds of such organizations in the remote districts of the South.

*A taster and
relater of the
best literature.*

The non-professional critic is likely to be fresher and more inspiring in relating his adventures among books than is the practised writer on the same themes, with all his critical apparatus of gauges and standards and measurements and tests, his stereotyped phrases, and the approved cant and jargon of his calling. Mr. Bradford Torrey, like his fellow naturalist, Mr. John Burroughs, can chat to us as pleasantly about books as about birds. His "Friends on the Shelf" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is chiefly a reprint of "Atlantic" essays on literary subjects, taking its title from FitzGerald's words in one of

his letters, "I must get back to my friends on the shelf." He treats of Hazlitt, FitzGerald, Thoreau (most admirably, of course), Stevenson, Keats, M. Anatole France, sundry matters of style, travellers' notebooks, and our alleged lack of a national literature. An enamored reader, he writes with a charming disclaimer of being anything but a taster and relisher. But "self-dispraise goes little ways," as the essayist himself admits, and "the good critic is he who narrates the adventures of his own mind in its intercourse with masterpieces," says M. Anatole France, as quoted by Mr. Torrey. Some little matters to quarrel over might easily be singled out. For instance, when the writer declares that FitzGerald "meant to be obscure," is he indisputably in the right? We all know that our English Omar cared not for "rank and office and title, and all the solemn plausibilities of the world"; but in recalling his repeated self-depreciation and his frequent humorous references to the great world's disregard of his literary and critical endowments, one should also remember that (to quote Mr. Torrey in another connection) "the more considerable a man's gifts, the more likely he is to speak disparagingly of them." A keen sense of the mocking irony of fate in snatching from our reach the very prize we most covet and seem to ourselves (in secret) most to deserve, is not exactly the same as a deliberate resolve never to win that prize. In his blunt bidding of his friends to do no more than acknowledge the receipt of his little books, unless they found something to censure, may be detected FitzGerald's recognition of the perilous sweetness of praise. The naturalist peeps forth, welcome, in many a passage of Mr. Torrey's, as for example — a good quotation to end with — "If a man is not greater than the greatest thing he does, the less said about him and them the better. His work should drop from him like fruit from a tree. Henceforth let the world look after it, if it is worth looking after. The tree should have other business."

*Some studies
of literary
vagabonds.*

What constitutes the vagabond poet or essayist or story-writer? In his book, "The Vagabond in Literature" (Dutton), Mr. Arthur Rickett declares the characteristic qualities to be restlessness, a passion for the earth, and constitutional reserve; and the writers whom he finds especially marked by these attributes are Hazlitt, De Quincey, Borrow, Thoreau, Stevenson, Jefferies, and Whitman. He distinguishes between bohemianism and vagabondage, and though some of his distinctions and definitions seem strained, and many of his opinions are expressed with the finality and certainty of scientific truths, the essays on his chosen seven authors are good as literary appreciations from a particular point of view, and are likely to send more than one reader back again to the imperishable pages of the writers discussed. Mr. Rickett now and then splits hairs, as in calling De Quincey "a simple nature and a complex temperament." He speaks of "the frank confidence of his

Confessions" — as if ingenuous simplicity could anywhere be found in the rhetorical De Quincey, — but later admits that "the difference between the editions of De Quincey's 'Opium Eater' is sufficient to show how the dreams have expanded under popular approbation." Of the writing of essays on Thoreau there is no end in sight. A little search discovers half a hundred by authors of more or less repute in English and American books and magazines, besides the increasing number of formal biographies. In this field Mr. Rickett says nothing strikingly new, but he says enough to betray his own unfamiliarity with Thoreau's haunts, if not even with his books. We read that "Thoreau turned his back on civilization, and found a new joy of living in the woods at Maine." The three brief excursions into Maine, as related in "The Maine Woods," are apparently confused with the sojourn at Walden. The expression, "the woods at Maine," occurs again later. Perhaps Maine is thought to be the town in which Walden Pond lies. Even grammatical slips occur in this unfortunate essay, as "The riotous growth of eccentricities and idiosyncrasies are picturesque enough"; and, with a reckless piling up of perfect tenses, "But one would have liked to have heard much more about them." Borrow is "six foot three" in height. These agreeable essays are not epoch-making — how few books are! — but they offer many a page of good reading, none the worse for being on well-worn themes.

*Studies in
the evolution
of Woman.*

The publishers of Professor W. I. Thomas's volume of studies in the social psychology of sex, "Sex and Society" (University of Chicago Press), have thought it desirable to issue with it a statement that the press notices commenting upon its concluding chapter (which appeared earlier in periodical form) have caused it to be misinterpreted in the direction of an ungallant appraisal of the mentality of the gentler and more sensitive sex. It is most unfortunate that the insatiable reporter should have seized upon this material for plying his sensational trade; but since he has done so it is pertinent to state that Professor Thomas's volume is a sober and for the most part objective study of the influences shaping the life of woman, particularly among primitive peoples in the longer reaches of uncivilized mankind. So far as deductions go, the conclusion is at least equally direct that with the removal of these "anthropological" disabilities the mental powers of the feminine mind will be released to a freer and fuller expression of its capabilities. Apart from this concluding chapter, which is indeed open to criticism as maintained upon a less consistent plan of exposition than pervades the others, the volume consists of a group of carefully elaborated and well sustained essays upon the organic differences of the sexes, the rôle of sex in primitive social control, social feeling, industry, morality, family life, and the evolution of modesty; while the trend of the argument is best brought to a focus in the very in-

teresting chapter upon the adventitious character of woman. In these delicate fields, among mooted data and conspicuous temptations to hasty inference and convenient though misleading formulae, Professor Thomas moves with an expert discernment, discloses many a shortcoming in prevalent doctrine, and builds up a consistent objective picture of woman's sociological status. Sociology is a new science, and by its invasion of a field in which all who run may read, and all who read may write or argue, is beset with peculiar liability to misinterpretation which may take the shape of ridicule. Professor Thomas should not be held responsible for the vagaries committed under the name of his science, nor for the popular distortion to which his views and his subject-matter lend themselves.

*Pioneers of
our national
expansion.*

The Westward movement, which in spite of its preëminent importance has only recently begun to receive the attention that it should have from students of the history of our country, is narrated in a pleasant popular manner by Mr. Archer Butler Hulbert in his "Pilots of the Republic: The Romance of the Pioneer Promoter in the Middle West" (McClurg). As the title indicates, this movement of our population and institutions across the Alleghanies and into the farther West is characterized and described through accounts, which may originally have been popular lectures, of some of the leading "promoters" of these various expeditions or enterprises, — those heroes and patriots who personally led these pioneer undertakings and endured their toils and dangers, or those who, hardly less heroes and no less patriots, inspired others to undertake the forward movement of our national expansion and to suffer in many cases the fate of pioneers. These men are well worth reading about, and any book that can make them live again for us of a quieter and less adventurous time is a useful one. The "promoters" whom Mr. Hulbert includes are: Washington, the story of whose life-long interest in the West and untiring efforts to open it to settlement and commerce make the most interesting chapter in the book; Richard Henderson, the founder of Transylvania, that first invasion of the red men's country west of the Alleghany mountains; Rufus Putnam, the father of Ohio; David Zeisberger, the devoted missionary; George Rogers Clark; Henry Clay, the promoter of the Cumberland Road; Morris and Clinton, fathers of the Erie Canal; Thomas and Mercer, rival promoters of railway and canal farther south; Lewis and Clark; Astor, the promoter of Astoria; and Marcus Whitman of Oregon. Sixteen portraits add value and interest to the book.

*"The longest
scandal of the
19th century."*

Professor Graziano Paolo Clerici's "*Il più Lungo Scandalo del Secolo XIX.*," which appeared about three years ago in Italy, has been translated and supplemented by Mr. Frederic Chapman, and handsomely published, with many portraits, by Mr. John Lane

under the title, "A Queen of Indiscretions." Lives of Queen Caroline, ill-starred consort of George IV., there were already in abundance; but it appears that Signor Clerici has had access to hitherto unused "Italian records, both in public departments and in private ownership." Consequently his pages present fresh incidents that may modify opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the indiscreet lady who so narrowly escaped conviction of something worse than indiscretion. The Italian author's severity of judgment is balanced by the English editor's lenity; and between the two Caroline comes off rather as frivolous and frail than as deliberately profligate and licentious. The poor foolishly-reared girl was by no means a Messalina of wickedness. The mystery of her early separation from her royal spouse remains a mystery still, though the author attempts an explanation by comparing George IV. in certain emotional and physiological respects to Rousseau, and by finding in both (as he thinks) a congenital defect incapacitating them for marriage. Even the Princess Charlotte's alleged resemblance to her supposed father is not allowed to invalidate this fanciful theory. The English reader well versed in his naval history will note the vague reference to Admiral Sir William Sidney Smith as "a certain Sydney Smith." The index calls him "Captain Sir Sydney Smith"; but under his portrait the name is correctly given. The index, by the way, is evidently not the work of an expert, its entries being unwisely chosen and grouped, and the page references inexact. Under "Pergami, Bartolomeo," for instance, at least four page numbers lead one astray. There is a lack, too, throughout the narrative, of definite acknowledgment of sources; the reader follows his author blindly. Fifty-seven portraits and portrait-groups are interspersed.

*Art of the
ancient
Greeks.*

Again Mr. H. B. Walters comes before the reading world with a book that ought to be highly valuable, and again that world has good reason to be disappointed. In "The Art of the Greeks," no less than in his "History of Ancient Pottery," the author falls far short of his opportunity. The best of the books in the same field is now a decade old, and a decade makes great changes in the facts and theories of archaeology in such an excavating age as ours. The new work is far more imposing than the older one, more handsome and ambitious; but it takes no account of the Kaufmann head in discussing the Cnidian Aphrodite of Praxiteles. It dismisses Furtwängler's monumental work at Aegina with the remark, "A few additions have been made from the recent excavations, but nothing of special importance." It says of the Farnese Bull, that "It was removed to Rome and there preserved to this day," when even the most casual visitor to the Naples Museum any time these eighty years must have seen that conspicuous group, whatever else may have escaped him. Such faults are hard to excuse; but the numerous and handsome illustra-

tions do what they can by way of compensation. They are of unusual value, both because of their excellence and their variety, and because they reproduce many subjects not otherwise easily accessible to the general public. Among such old-time favorites as the Aphrodite from Melos, the Laocoön, and the victory from Samothrace, are pictures less often seen. Reproductions of vases and of such bronzes as the charioteer from Delphi, the youth dredged up near the island of Cythera, and Mr. Pierpont Morgan's Eros, are so rare except in books designed for specialists that it is gratifying to find so many and such good ones in this work of more popular character. The type is in its way as pleasing to the eye as the pictures are in theirs. The publishers (Macmillan) have produced such a charming book in all external respects that it seems a pity it should not be equally satisfying to the mind of the classical scholar.

Sketches of the golden period of Athenian life.

"Life in Ancient Athens," by Doctor T. G. Tucker, Professor of Classical Philology in the University of Melbourne, is the latest of the Macmillan "Handbooks of Archaeology and Antiquities." The volume is a treatise on Athenian life at its most attractive period — that is, roughly speaking, the century beginning with 440 B. C. — and is presented in an easy, readable "footnoteless" form for the general reader, although the author endeavors to incorporate the results of even the most recent investigations. The first sixteen chapters treat of such subjects as Public Buildings, Citizens, Outlanders, Slaves, Women, Social Day of a Typical Citizen, Army and Navy, Festivals, and the Theatre. The seventeenth chapter deals with the Modernness of the Athenians. The eighty-five illustrations are generally well chosen and modern, although not a few of them are pretty familiar — the restoration of the Acropolis, for instance, being our old friend from Schreiber's Atlas. The general style may be characterized in the author's words as "the opposite of pedantic, utilizing any vivacities of method which are consistent with truth of fact"; and it must be admitted that these vivacities are sometimes of questionable felicity. On the whole, the volume achieves its modest aim, which at once disarms criticism; but it rather suffers from the inevitable comparison with some of the other members of the same series, as Professor Ernest Gardner's admirable "Handbook of Greek Sculpture," or Professor A. H. J. Greenidge's concise presentation of "Roman Public Life."

A volume of "trifling reminiscences."

Lady Dorothy Fanny (Walpole) Nevill, daughter of the third Earl of Orford (second creation), and widow of the late Reginald Nevill, has published her "Reminiscences" (Longmans) — "this volume of trifling reminiscence" she modestly styles the book in her dedication to the Marquis of Abergavenny — and her son, Mr. Ralph Nevill, has acted as her editor. Though she begins her book with her birth,

she, woman-like, omits to record when she was born; nor does she present anything like a full account of her life, but touches lightly and pleasantly, sometimes wittily, on persons and events that have interested her. Among her favorite pursuits are to be noted the collecting of old hand-made buttons, and the practice of horticulture, wood-carving, and book-illumination. Well-disposed toward America because she has always found American visitors "courteous, clever, and altogether most attractive," she yet cannot forgive us for luring Sir Purdon Clarke over to New York to preside over the Metropolitan Museum. A clever characterization of the Greville Memoirs is quoted by her: "It is as if Judas Iscariot wrote the lives of the twelve Apostles"; also Sir William Harcourt's comment on his son's marriage: "I have but one objection — that I could not marry the bride myself." The writer thinks the purchasing power of money greater now than in her youth — which, if it be true, cannot long remain so with prices advancing at the present rate. Of a very tall custodian at the Munich Glyptothek she says, "He might, indeed, have been a soldier in the great Frederick's famous regiment of giants!" It was the great Frederick's father, Frederick William, who collected giants; the son attached more value to brain than brawn. A portrait of Lady Dorothy, from a crayon drawing, is provided as frontispiece.

"Psychology of Religious Belief."

It is no idle use of the term as applied to Professor Pratt's study of religious belief, to say that it presents a very sane attitude toward the complex data involved. Its sanity consists of a wholesome and equally a discerning determination to view the facts as they are, and as finding an illumination in the teachings of modern psychology as embodied in the modern man. The sustaining position of the thesis is that religious belief, conformably to the status of belief as a psychological product, presents itself in three forms which are concisely formulated as the religion of primitive credulity, the religion of thought, and the religion of feeling. The psychological foundation of the former is reached in the inevitable unanalysed attitude of the psychic novice, the child or the savage, — that of acceptance, of reaction in a positive and simple manner to the situations of life. Among these are beliefs as well as customs; and thus tradition and the religion of primitive credulity are formed and preserved. With experience comes reason, analysis, and doubt; and in the positive religious field, dogma and theology. Yet underlying all is the true motive that makes mystics of some, brings conversion to others, and engenders prayer, devotion, and the sensitiveness to the eternal mysteries. These phases are exemplified in the great historical religions, as well as in the unfoldment of every thoughtful life. They are reinforced in a somewhat novel manner in the present volume by an analysis of the responses to a religious "questionnaire." The author believes strongly in the

temperamental and emotional nature of the religious experience, which in a measure has thus an organic foundation in the subconscious mode of reaction to the elemental psychic stimuli. As a simple and direct presentation of religious-mindedness, the essay is to be commended. (Macmillan.)

Rocks and their change into soils.

That a new edition of Dr. George P. Merrill's "Rocks, Rock Weathering, and Soils" is called for speaks for the continued usefulness of this well-known book. The present edition (Macmillan) follows closely the plan of the first one published in 1897. As before, the work is essentially a compilation. There has been very little attempt to harmonize conflicting views, and almost none at independent interpretation. The pages devoted to rocks and to soils reflect current views rather than suggest new ones. The chapters devoted to rock-weathering are the best in the book, and constitute in the aggregate our most authoritative treatise on this subject. In them Dr. Merrill gives the results of personal investigations, and is at his best. His conclusions are interesting and suggestive, but subject to all the doubt incident to the necessity of making in each case a first assumption as to the stability of some one element in the rock. The fact that the element chosen differs with each rock indicates that there is no great certainty as to this assumption. The book is especially useful to readers who desire a knowledge of the general facts and principles involved in the study of rocks and their change into soils.

NOTES.

Mr. Booker T. Washington's biography of Frederick Douglass, promised last year by Messrs. George W. Jacobs & Co. for the "American Crisis Biographies," but unavoidably delayed, is to be issued this month.

Professor W. H. Crawshaw has prepared a new work entitled "The Making of English Literature," which Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co. will soon publish. The volume covers the whole field chronologically, but gives a greater part of its space to the more significant authors, who are appreciatively interpreted.

The success of Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson's "Upton Letters," "From a College Window," and other books, has led to the reprinting of some of his earlier work. An entirely new book by Mr. Benson, entitled "Beside Still Waters," will be published this month by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Professor Charles E. Garman, who died last month, completed last June twenty-five years' service as teacher of philosophy in Amherst College. In commemoration of that occasion, thirteen of his former pupils presented him with a book entitled "Studies in Philosophy and Psychology," which they prepared and published through Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Two years ago, Mr. Arlo Bates gave at the University of Illinois a series of "Talks on Teaching Literature." The book now published with that title by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. contains the substance of those "Talks," considerably elaborated for publication. It is

a very interesting and suggestive book, and we particularly recommend to the teachers into whose hands it falls the chapter which tells how Blake's "Tiger" was brought by the author within the comprehension of a boy of eight. We have rarely seen as sensible a book upon the subject with which it deals.

The April issue of "Putnam's Monthly" will contain the opening chapters of a three-part serial by Mr. Maurice Hewlett, author of "The Forest Lovers," "Little Novels of Italy," etc. It is a romance entitled "The Countess of Picpus," and records the stirring adventures of Captain Brazenhead in a picturesque period of French history.

Commander Peary's complete story of his great Arctic expedition which made a new world's record and planted the Stars and Stripes "farthest north," will be published by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Company this month under the title of "Nearest the Pole." There will be an introduction by President Roosevelt, and the work will be adequately illustrated from the collection of 1,200 photographs taken by Commander Peary.

In addition to E. Phillips Oppenheim's new book, "The Malefactor," Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.'s early publications include novels by George Frederic Turner, an English author; Arthur Stringer, who wrote "The Wire Tappers"; Anna Chapin Ray, whose romances of modern Quebec are well known; Eliza Calvert Hall, a Kentucky writer; John H. Whitson, who has forsaken Western scenes for the East; Ellis Meredith, a Colorado author; and Lucy M. Thurston, who wrote "A Girl of Virginia."

Mr. M. S. Levassor's monograph upon the work of E. M. Lilien, published by Mr. B. W. Huebsch, will enable the reader to comprehend the motive of an artist inspired by the national renaissance of the Jews as expressed in the modern Zionistic movement. Fourteen reproductions from the black and white designs of this artist, whose manner reflects that of the Munich "Secessionists," bear witness to a symbolism at once lucid and forcible, and to the optimistic confidence for the future of the Jews as an agricultural race in Palestine. The work will appeal alike to those who have an interest in the rejuvenation of an ancient race, and to those who will be attracted by a technique suggestive of the skill of Japanese decorators and of the European masters of line-work.

Longfellow's inaugural address at Bowdoin College, delivered by him, September 2, 1830, as professor of modern languages, has just been published by the Bowdoin College Library in a limited edition of 250 copies, and may be obtained from Librarian George T. Little, Brunswick, Maine, for two dollars (cloth-bound) or three dollars (in full flexible leather). This address, on the "Origin and Growth of the Languages of Southern Europe and of their Literature," was given soon after the young Longfellow's return from abroad, where he had been fitting himself for the chair established for him at his college. It was his first extended essay in prose, it offers a comprehensive survey of its subject, and it also illustrates the writer's attitude toward literature and poetry. Brief extracts appeared in the well-known biography of the poet by his brother, but this is the first publication of the address in full. Printed from the autograph manuscript, it makes a volume of 130 pages, four inches by seven. It is a book that should appeal to collectors as well as to Longfellow lovers.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 48 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

The Life of the Empress Eugénie. By Jane T. Stoddart. Third edition; with photogravure portraits, large 8vo, uncut, pp. 311. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3. net.

Heroines of French Society, in the Court, the Revolution, the Empire, and the Restoration. By Mrs. Bearne. Illus., large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 465. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$6. net.

My Life as an Indian: The Story of a Red Woman and a White Man in the Lodges of the Blackfeet. By J. W. Schultz. Illus., 12mo, pp. 426. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50 net.

Quintin Hogg: A Biography. By Ethel M. Hogg; with Preface by the Duke of Argyll. Popular edition; with portrait, 8vo, pp. 419. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: A Sketch of his Life. By Charles Elliot Norton. Together with Longfellow's Chief Autobiographical Poems. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 121. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 75 cts. net.

Amerigo Vesputi. By Frederick A. Ober. With portraits, 12mo, pp. 258. "Heroes of American History." Harper & Brothers. \$1. net.

HISTORY.

The Rise and Decline of the Netherlands: A Political and Economic History and a Study in Practical Statesmanship. By J. Ellis Barker. Large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 478. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50 net.

Outcome of the Civil War, 1863-1865. By James Kendall Hosmer, LL.D. With portrait and maps, 8vo, gilt top. "American Nation." Harper & Brothers. \$2. net.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Heart of Hamlet's Mystery. Trans. from the German of Karl Werder by Elizabeth Wilder; with Introduction by W. J. Rolfe. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 223. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net.

Letters to Young and Old. By Mrs. C. W. Earle. 8vo, pp. 384. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50 net.

The Steps of Life: Further Essays on Happiness. By Carl Hilty; trans. by Melvin Brandow, with Introduction by Francis G. Peabody. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 264. Macmillan Co. \$1.35 net.

The Ancestry of Chaucer: A Dissertation. By Alfred Allan Kern. Large 8vo, pp. 163. Baltimore: Lord Baltimore Press. Paper.

The Rhetoric of John Donne's Verse: A Dissertation. By Wightman Fletcher Melton. Large 8vo, pp. 209. Baltimore: J. H. Furst Co. Paper.

BOOKS OF VERSE.

Poems. By Allan Brant. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 36. Gorham Press. \$1.

The Processional: A Poem. By George Gordon. 12mo. Gorham Press. \$1.

The Jewels of King Art. By James Connolly. 12mo, pp. 59. Gorham Press. \$1.35.

The Dream of Hell. By G. Wilson Duley. 12mo, pp. 32. Gorham Press. \$1.

FICTION.

The Kinsman. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 384. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

Prisoners of Fortune: A Tale of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. By Ruel Perley Smith. With frontispiece, 12mo, pp. 392. L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.

The Dust of Conflict. By Harold Bindloss. Illus. in color, 12mo, pp. 321. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.50.

The Sweetest Solace. By John Randal. 12mo, pp. 381. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.

The Cage. By Charlotte Teller. 12mo, pp. 340. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

The Issue: A Story of the River Thames. By Edward Noble. 12mo, pp. 407. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

A Draught of the Blue, together with An Essence of the Dusk. Trans. from the Original Manuscripts by F. W. Bain. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, pp. 239. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

Memoirs of Arthur Hamilton, B.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. By Arthur Christopher Benson. New edition; 12mo, gilt top, pp. 226. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.

Where the Rainbow Touches the Ground. By John Henderson Miller. With frontispiece, 12mo, pp. 253. Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$1.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

The American Scene. By Henry James. 8vo, gilt top, pp. 443. Harper & Brothers. \$3. net.

The Desert and the Sown. By Gertrude Lowthian Bell. Illus. in color, etc., large 8vo, uncut, pp. 340. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3. net.

ART AND MUSIC.

Van Dyck. By Lionel Cust, M. V. O. Illus. in photogravure, etc., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 152. "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture." Macmillan Co. \$1.75.

Whistler: Notes and Footnotes and Other Memoranda. By A. E. G. Illus. in photogravure, color, etc., large 8vo, pp. 96. New York: The Collector and Art Critic Co.

Felix Mendelssohn: Thirty Piano Compositions. Edited by Percy Goetschius; with Preface by Daniel Gregory Mason. 4to, pp. 187. "Musicians Library." Oliver Ditson Co. \$1.50.

HYGIENE AND MEDICINE.

The Control of a Scourge; or, How Cancer is Curable. By Charles P. Child, B. A. Large 8vo, pp. 299. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50 net.

The Hygiene of Mind. By T. S. Clouston, M.D. Second edition; illus., large 8vo, pp. 284. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50 net.

Infant Mortality: A Social Problem. By George Newman, M. D. Large 8vo, pp. 350. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50 net.

The Children of the Nation: How their Health and Vigour Should Be Promoted by the State. By Sir John E. Gorst. Large 8vo, pp. 297. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50 net.

PHILOSOPHY.

The World Machine: The First Phase of the Cosmic Mechanism. By Carl Snyder. Illus., large 8vo, pp. 488. Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.50 net.

The Religious Conception of the World: An Essay in Constructive Philosophy. By Arthur Kenyon Rogers, Ph.D. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 284. Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

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